

## **It's not circumstance, It's just madness by LeftHandOfSnarkness**

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**Summary:**

He must have fallen into the Upside Down. Or some other equally bizarre dimension. Because there was no possible way that- in this timeline- Nancy Wheeler would be kissing him, pulling him into her arms, slamming the door shut behind them.

A little missing piece of S2E6.

## It's not circumstance, It's just madness

Jonathan kissed her, and for a second he was sure he had made an enormous mistake. He had drank too much vodka, had let the ramblings of a lunatic conspiracy theorist get into his head. *What's going on here, a lover's quarrel? You're young, attractive. You've got chemistry, history, plus the real shit, shared trauma. If I were you, I'd just cut the bullshit, and share the damn bed.* The alcohol was singing in his veins and he had let that idea, that beautiful, intoxicating idea, wiggle into his head. The idea that he could just knock on Nancy Wheeler's door, kiss her like this was some shitty romantic comedy, and that everything would turn out ok. That she would be happy about it, that she would *want* this. Would want him. That their lives would be anything but a horror movie that made strange- but temporary- alliances out of the two of them. Maybe, *maybe* if he apologized now, slunk back to bed with his tail between his legs and acted like he couldn't remember what he'd done in the morning, maybe Nancy would forgive him, let it go, continue to let him bask in the warm light that surrounded her. Maybe she wouldn't condemn him back into obscurity for the crime of touching something that wasn't meant for him. That was his best case scenario. It was already miraculous that she seemed to enjoy his presence, that after everything that had happened last year she still talked to him in school, joked around, told him he should go to parties.

(He remembered laying in her bed, smelling the faint, tempting scent of her shampoo. Remembered carrying her up to her room after the Halloween party. Remembered her hand in his as they wrapped up their wounds. Remembered the way she said his name before she passed out. Remembered her pressing ice to his swollen face as he sat handcuffed in the police station for beating up her boyfriend.)

When they walked out of their rooms, saw each other in the living room, it had all become so clear. Maybe the accusations against them had cut deeper than they had expected. *Trust issues. Afraid.* But there

was a simple explanation- an explanation that didn't include some grand conspiracy about both of them denying some deep-down, hidden feelings. The world around them had turned out to be uglier than they could ever have imagined. The things they had once taken for granted had crumbled beneath their feet; that there was logic to the universe, that they were safe, that the government wouldn't purposelessly put them in danger. Being thrown together and plied with booze had clearly made him think, in a moment of temporary insanity, that the same instability applied to the basic rules of society, hierarchy, *attraction*. Had tricked him into thinking that just because the floor had been jerked out from underneath him that the house would not stand. But when Nancy starting talking it was immediately clear- Murray was crazy, in some ways, at least; he could help them get their message across, but he didn't know anything about the two of them. He was seeing shadows where none existed, a clear result of too much vodka and paranoia. So Jonathan had made his excuses, laughed the whole thing off, gone back to bed.

He laid back on the pull-out couch, against the tacky floral pillows amid the glaring lamp light, cursing himself for being so stupid. Because even if Nancy had some sort of feelings for him that went beyond pity and friendship (and that was a big 'if'), it was still an insane time to be thinking about this. Monsters were back, shadowy organizations were working to cover up the death of a high school girl, Will was in danger again, and all Jonathan could think about was his crush on Nancy Wheeler. *Pathetic. Unrealistic.* And when it finally became too much, when she opened the door and he kissed her, it was obvious he had overstepped. She pulled back from him, looked at him with those wide, expressive eyes, and he stumbled to think of some sort of excuse that would let him get out of this situation with even a little scrap of dignity. But then *she* had kissed *him*, thrown herself against him, let him wrap his arms around her, let him tangle his hands in her hair. And how was he supposed to *think*, how was he supposed to remember that none of this should be happening when she was breathing so fast, when her pulse was racing beneath his hands? This must be some alternate dimension, some beautiful and bizarre cousin to the Upside Down where it was possible for him to step forward and feel Nancy moving back into her

room, slamming the door behind them, leaving the both of them alone in the dark.

Things like this weren't meant for him. Other people, people like Steve, with cool hair who always knew the right thing to say were the ones who things like this were meant for. He wasn't meant to feel Nancy's lips against his, her nails digging into his shoulders, holding onto him like he was the only thing keeping her upright. He certainly wasn't meant to be alone with her in a bedroom, feel her tugging him closer to her, pulling him down on top of her as they fell backwards onto the bed. But he wanted this, wanted this *so badly*, so he let himself forget, let himself get lost. He ran his hand up the smooth expanse of her her thighs, grinned when he felt her breath hitch in her chest as he slid his hands under the pale pink fabric of her nightgown, groaned against her mouth when she laced her fingers through his hair and *pulled*. When he sank his teeth into the skin where her shoulder met her neck she moaned something that sounded like a name, *his* name, and the last flimsy thread of his self-control snapped. He could spend tomorrow worrying about the consequences of his actions, reminding himself that there were people, experiences that were always meant to be out of his reach. But tonight, tonight Nancy was wrapping her legs around his waist, sliding her hands under his shirt, looking at him like he was the most important thing in the world. And maybe in whatever strange alternate universe they had fallen into, he was.

### **Author's Note:**

Title come from the song "Rosey" by the incredible Jesse Lafser (and stunningly performed by Bermuda Triangle).

I just want to that I am normally a sucker for OTPs that never, EVER turn out to be canon, so I am feeling super validated by Stranger Things S2.

As always, comments and criticism are most welcome! I'm writing/posting this drunk, so feel free to leave comments correcting my grammar and/or

spelling.